UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

The Man With the Sword

By SYDNEY STRONG

The Near East—and Palestine

By SHERWOOD EDDY

Gandhi in 1903

By ARTHUR HAWKES

The Inspiration of Youth

By JAMES H. WEST

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CIV MONDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1929 NUMBER 15

THE NEW YEAR

A Hymn

As shadows die at sunset
So dies the waning year,
With all its sins and burdens,
Its hatred and its fear.
Then silently at midnight
The New Year comes alone,
A year untouched and stainless,
A year that is our own.

With what shall we adorn it?
With jewels from the mine,
With things that we have fashioned
In some unique design?
With more and vaster structures,
More greyhounds of the sea,
More ships that sail the ether?
What shall our offering be?

God grant that we may offer
Love and Humility,
Truth, Freedom, Peace and Justice,
Kindness and Charity.
No clever fabrications,
No gems from mine or mart,
Can outlast or o'ershadow
These jewels of the heart.

MARGUERITE EMILIO.

The most famous names on the list of dead in 1929 come from France. It is not likely that, a hundred years from now, any other names on this list will vie with the great soldier, Marshall FOCH, and the great statesman, CLEMENCEAU. These will be remembered for their deeds in one of the supreme crises in human history. Other military men who died during the year were Gen. EMMANUEL SORRAIL, of France, famous, or infamous, for what he did in Syria, and Rear-Admiral BRIDGEMAN, of the English navy. Among statesmen were GUSTAV STRESEMANN, most eminent of post-War German leaders, PRINCE VON BUELOW, German chancellor in the old days of the Kaiser, T. P. O'CONNOR, the father of the House of Commons, and a survivor of the Parnell era, LORD ROSEBERY, former British Premier, and, in our own country, JAMES W. GOOD, Secretary of War, Senator FRANCIS E. WARREN, Senator THEODORE E. BURTON, distinguished peace advocate, ex-Senators OSCAR UNDERWOOD, JAMES W. BAILEY, and MOSES E. CLAPP, EDWIN DENBY, the unhappy Secretary of the Navy in President Harding's cabinet, MYRON T. HERRICK, beloved American Ambassador to France, VICTOR L. BERGER, leader of American Socialists, WLLIAM E. DEVER, formerly mayor of Chicago, and BEN TAGGART, Democratic "boss" of Indiana, Among authors we note the passing of BLISS CARMAN, poet, KATHERINE LEE BATES, writer of "America the Beautiful," JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS, novelist and playwright, BRANDER MATTHEWS, critic, LILLIAN BELL, essayist, HARVEY O'HIGGINS, CASPER WHITNEY, GARRETT SERVISS, E. E. SLOSSON, MARY MACLANE, and, abroad HAROLD BEGBIE, the English biographer and religious writer, EDWARD CARPENTER, author of "Towards Democracy," and HUGO VON HOFMANNSTAHL, German poet associated as librettest with Richard Strauss. To these should be added JOHN COTTON DANA, the distinguished librarian, and the well-known journalists MELVILLE E. STONE, A. MAURICE LOW, and JAMES MELVIN LEE. Literature suggests art, which mourns EMIL FUCHS, sculptor, ROBERT HENRI, painter, and ALBERT LEVERING, one of the most popular and beloved of American educators.

In no field of life were losses heavier this past year than in the theatre. The death of HENRY ARTHUR JONES marked the passing of one of the most distinguished of English dramatists. Among actors and actresses we note the death of WALLACE EDDINGER, WILLIAM NORRIS, ALBERT BRUNING, MARY SHAW, JOHN E. KELLERD, NORMAN TREVOR, MARGARET LAWRENCE, CHARLES A. STEVENSON, DUSTIN FARNUM, JEANNE EAGELS, RAYMOND HITCHCOCK, and the incomparable LILY LANGTRY. Closely akin to these were the great German operatic singers, OTTO GORITZ and LILLI LEHMANN, and SERGE DIAGHILEFF, the Russian opera and ballet master. In America the

musical world was bereft of the orchestral conductor, FREDERICK VAN DER STUCKEN. Many religious leaders died in 1929, as, for example KATHERINE TINGLEY, the Theosophist, GEN. BRAMWELL BOOTH, of the Salvation Army, CARDINAL DUBOIS, of Paris, and, among clergymen, NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS, JOHN ROACH STRATON, Bishop BRENT, Rabbi MAX HELLER, L. WALTER MASON, beloved Unitarian minister of Pittsburgh, FREDERICK L. HOSMER, the immortal hymn-writer, GEORGE A. GORDON, the last of the theologian-preachers, JOHN KELMAN, HENRY MOTTET, and HUGH BIRKHEAD. Clergymen suggest scholars. Among the most famous of these who died were JEREMIAH JENKS, Dr. MORTON PRINCE, T. S. WOOLSEY, of Yale, THORSTEIN VEBLEN, author of "The Leisure Class," and, abroad, SIR RAY LANCESTER, scientist of England, and in Germany HANS DELBRUECK, the historian, and DIEDRICH SCHAEFER, one of the ninety-three professors who signed the famous manifesto after the outbreak of the Great War. To these may well be added certain persons well known and admired for their unselfish labors on behalf of social reform — SOPHIE LOEB, author of widow's pension legislation in New York, LYNN HAINES, political radical, PAUL KENNADAY, friend and champion of the Negro, and the great lawyers, MOORFIELD STOREY, enemy of imperialism and all oppression, and LOUIS MARSHALL, outstanding champion of Jewry.

Royalty is not so popular as it used to be, or so numerous, but its names still shine. The death of Prince HENRY OF PRUSSIA revived memories of the great days of the Kaiser and Hohenzollerns. The Grand Duke NICHOLAS was a Romanoff, and an outstanding commander of Russian arms in the Great War. DONA MARIA CRISTINA was a Queen, mother of the King of Spain. This past year recorded the deaths of important American business men—OTTO BANNARD, DAVID D. BUICK, automobile manufacturer, and ASA G. CHANDLER, the "Coca-Cola king." Difficult to classify among the dead, but each interesting and famous for unique achievement, were the following—Baron VON HUENEFELD, who flew westward across the Atlantic Ocean in the "Bremen," HAVELOCK WILSON, leader of the seamen's unions of England, "TEX" RICKERT, sports promoter on the grand scale, DWIGHT ELMENDORF, popular travel lecturer, "TAD," newspaper cartoonist, EDWARD PAYSON WESTON, greatest of long-distance walkers, who survived into the age of the automobile, CHARLES FOREPAUGH, of Barnum's world, Baron WELSBACH, whose gas burner for a short time illumined innumerable homes, and "JOE" MCGINNITY, the "iron man" of baseball. This list of the dead in 1929 is long for a single year. Few of these names, however, are destined to any long remembrance. Like the great mass of humankind, they will pass into oblivion. Yet have they done their work, and made their impression for good or ill. It is a sobering thought that a name recorded after death has primarily a moral content. There is truth in the legend of the Judgment Day.

The outbreak in Haiti and the prison riots in Auburn did not happen on the same day, and they were many miles apart. There was no connection between the two episodes, one of which is classified with political and the other with criminal events. Yet the two happenings stick together in our mind as representing substantially the same kind of human phenomenon. Even the outward occurrences were the same! Auburn is a prison with a population of several thousand prisoners held in subjection by armed keepers and guards; there was suddenly a desperate uprising among the prisoners; state militia were hurried to the scene; there was fighting, resulting in ten deaths. Haiti is an island with a population of several hundred thousand men and women held in military occupation by the armed forces of the United States; there was suddenly a desperate uprising among the prisoners—beg pardon, the people; warships and marines were rushed to the scene; there was fighting, resulting in five deaths. The two things seem very similar—and so they are, psychologically and sociologically. The only difference is, so far as we can make out, that the prisoners at Auburn are by every standard of law and custom justly confined as enemies to the state, whereas the Haitians are the innocent victims of a rule which is as tyrannical as it is unjust. The United States has no business to be in Haiti. The people of that unhappy island would be cravens and cowards if they did not rise up to resist those who invade and occupy their soil. Their government taken away from them, basic rights of free speech and free assembly denied them, their property plundered by foreign soldiery, what wonder that, like prisoners in a pen, they revolt! The occupation of Haiti was a crime of the first order. Nothing that the Haitians may now do can be as bad as this original abomination which drives them to frenzy. We look to President Hoover to end this wrong at the earliest possible moment.

When the New York *Times* comes out in denunciation of the courts, there must be "something rotten in the state of Denmark." The case which has stirred the great conservative New York journal to protest is that of the Ohio Quakeress, Margaret Dorland Webb, who was recently refused naturalization papers by a super-patriotic judge. It reminds of the case of Mme. Rosika Schwimmer, but is really so much worse as to defy comparison. The woman in question was brought to this country as a child from Germany, and educated in Kansas and Ohio. She was denied citizenship when she refused to state that she would bear arms in defense of her adopted country. She

added that she would be perfectly willing to go to the front and serve as a nurse in the army. But when asked categorically if she would fight, she replied, "I cannot kill, but I would be willing to give my life." This sounds like Nurse Cavell, but it did not satisfy the judge. It is to be said to his credit that he knows what war is, that it is murder, and that the business of the man who take up arms is not merely to die but to make somebody else die. But it is something new, or at least it *was* something new, to apply this law of murder as a condition of citizenship in the United States. If this case, and the earlier case of Mme. Schwimmer, however, are to be taken as precedents, women as well as men must be prepared to fight and spill blood. Our civilization, in other words, is to be carried straight back into the savage days when Amazons were on the earth. It seems preposterous, incredible—yet here is a judge, presumably an educated man and a Christian, who so rules. There are times when we find ourselves wondering if all the world is suddenly going crazy, and this is one of them. Personally, if we believed that the ruling of this judge was good law and had the approval of American citizens, we would curse this land, and seek to shake its vile dust from off our feet. But we believe nothing of the sort. This great America of ours is not to be permanently betrayed by a few ignorant and foolish judges clothed with a little brief authority.

We are much concerned over the vigorous attempt of the Christian Science church to suppress Edwin Franden Dakin's exceedingly able, complete and authentic biography of Mrs. Eddy. Concerned because a similar attempt of this kind, directed years ago against Georgine Milmine's famous life of the Mother of Christian Science, was disastrously successful! Miss Milmine's book, one of the most competent pieces of biography ever produced in this country, ran serially in the old *McClure's,* and ruined the magazine. When it appeared in book form, the Christian Science hierarchy started a war against it so vigorous and sweeping that the volume disappeared from the book-stalls, and only a few scattered copies in public and private libraries are now known to be in existence. The same war is today being organized and directed against Mr. Dakin's Mrs. Eddy: "The Biography of a Virginal Mind." Bookshops are threatened with boycott if they display or even sell the book. Newspapers are warned not to review or advertise the work. The publishers, Scribner's, are being subjected to all kinds of pressure to withdraw the volume from the list of publications. It's a glorious fracas—and a shameful attempt to suppress truth by methods abhorrent to every free mind. There are fortunately signs that this censorship is going to be as dismal a failure as in the former case it was a dismal success. Thus, it is perfectly evident that the Christian Science church has none of the militancy and little of the power that it had a generation ago. It has waxed fat and therefore flabby with prosperity; its autocratic ways have grown stale with use, and therefore lost their terror; and the religion itself has been "found out" too many times to be taken seriously. On the other hand, the publishers of Mr. Dakin's book, unlike the publishers of Miss Milmine's book, are showing courage and "fight." It is difficult to conceive of Scribner's lying down and selling the plates of their publication to its enemies, and thus allowing it to be destroyed. We prophecy that this latest biography of Mrs. Eddy is here to stay, as the authoritative work upon the subject.

The Man With the Sword

The Man with the Sword has been the chief bloodletter, tax-producer, oppressor of the poor and agent of Satan, since the birth of Cain. His days are numbered.

The Man with the Sword has terrorized the earth. He has so hypnotized men that they have given him their fairest daughters, have erected to him monuments, have kissed his hand when he slew them. Slowly he has been uncovered. His reign is declining. Like Cain, he is being labeled, "Murderer." Like Davir, the "man of blood" is seen to be unfit to build a "temple of God." He is seen to be an agent of every Herod, sent forth to massacre infants, with the sinister purpose of destroying messiahs. He is found everywhere the same as at the crucifixion of Jesus, a common thief and gambler. This arch-hypocrite and assassin has been found out. The light of truth is withering him to death.

Men have grown wise to the nature and character of the Man with the Sword. His business is being outlawed. In accomplishing this sacred act, UNITY and Mr. Levinson, the lawyer, and Dr. Holmes, the preacher, have played most important parts—praise be to them! Their deeds must have been broadcasted "all over heaven,"

But mankind will not stop at outlawry. The Man with the Sword must be made an outcast. A Cain. After delegalizing his business, he himself will next be de-socialized. Soon it will be a disgrace to carry a sword, as now it is to be a bartender. To marry a man with the sword will cease being regarded as a thing of honor. He is doomed. The voice of mankind,

growing louder and louder, from the day when children and mothers raised their feeble hands for mercy, in protest against his callous brutality—now affirms it! The Man with the Sword is doomed!

The Man with the Sword must have his sword taken away! And, quick. You can not act too speedily, Messrs. Premiers and Presidents of the nations, who have renounced war. Mankind is waiting to see you prove that you really mean it. High heaven cries, "Put up thy Sword." Not shorten your sword, but put it up. Not reduction. Not limitation. Not saw one inch off the horns of the unruly bull, but dehorn him! Put up the sword. Beat it into a pruning-hook. Turn your cruisers into merchantmen, your cannon into automobiles. Mankind calls for the abolition, at once, of the man with the sword.

Here is the place for some plain speaking. Why use soft words, in matters of life and death? For twenty years the statesmen have been "kidding" themselves, and fooling the people. Nearly every man of fifty has been so repeatedly disillusioned, as to grow cynical. Our own Wilson once sailed away on the "George Washington" to help write one of the "turning acts in the history of the world, and open up a new era for mankind." What was done at Versailles mussed up the situation so seriously, that the world will not get over it for a century. He could not play cards with Lloyd George and Clemenceau. Then, there was the Washington Conference, over which Mr. Hughes presided. That was to be another stride toward universal peace. Most Americans and Japanese think that they were euchered at that table. Mr. Balfour is a very wise man. I am reminded too that over a score of years ago, at a world congress, a proposal for disarmament came from no less a person than the czar of Russia. He was serious, as the Russians in their recent proposal were serious—but America and Britain have a way of not hearkening to proposals from Russia—in spite of the fact that there can be no peace on earth until Russia is taken into the councils of the nations. Messrs. Hoover and MacDonald might well remember that fact.

To think of America and Britain wasting time talking about the question of parity! And a "yardstick"—a weapon that finds use only in a country store! And, applies to cloth; not to the life or death of millions. Why "kid" ourselves. It is perfectly plain that France wants an army and submarines; Britain wants many cruisers and airplanes; Japan wants submarines and cruisers enough; and, America wants big ships with big guns and cruisers—each nation enough so as to resist dictation and fist-thumping at conference tables, as well as protect trade routes and keep weaker peoples in their proper places. As long as this problem is treated in terms of guns and parity—there will be little progress, and the puzzle will be unsolved.

The Man with the Sword must be eliminated. I mean total disarmament. I am willing to leave a few thousand airplanes, for policing the world. If any nation is not ready to leave its rights in the hands of non-partisan police—it is clear that that nation has claims not founded on justice or peace. If the Man of the Sword is brought into the settlement of disputes—then it is a state of war, not peace, that we are in! If a nation is to have a sword, it is justified in having the best sword possible. Let us be frank. If France must rule the weaker people of Morocco and Syria by the sword; if Britain must govern Palestine, Egypt, Persia, Wai Hei Wai by the sword; if America must control Haiti, Nicarauga, the Philippines by the sword—then we are in war now, and peace parleys among the bigger nations seem almost like cessations of hostilities, in order to have strength and means properly to keep the weaker nations in their places, as well as to exploit their riches.

The promoter of the Chinese Opium War (admitted by all to have been an indefensible act) was likewise the author of two of the most exquisitely spiritual songs in Christian hymnology. Frankly, such blatant hypocrisy is unbearable. It ought not so to be. If we are to depend upon the Man of the Sword, I vote in favor of the best blade. I strongly object to having its handle in the shape of a cross. But, I vote for no sword at all. Have the best, or none. I vote for none, for absolute disarmament. Peace parleyers, who do not keep clearly and constantly before their eyes speedy and complete disarmament—they are "kidding" themselves, for they are parleying for war. The Man with the Sword must be cast into outer darkness, whence he came. Then, there will be progress, not before. Put up thy Sword. Not shorten it, but put it up. Within the next ten years there will arise disputes between Britain and America, in South America, in Egypt, in Manchuria—everywhere—that will probably involve them in war, unless the Man with the Sword has been cast out!

If there is to be Peace, the nations must repent. They have outraged the moral law. This conviction has grown upon me, for years. Along with this conviction has been the question whether my own race will be able to repent, I mean the Anglo-Saxon, and it is not an idle fear. You recall how Zaccheus, a rich man found favor with God and man. "If I have wrongfully exacted anything of any man, I restore fourfold." That would do well over the door of the League of Nations, and over the Disarmament Conference table. I will speak only of my own race—the Anglo-Saxon. Suppose he would do what Zaccheus did—what a flood of faith, hope and love would cover the earth. Turn to Mexico, South America, Nicaragua, Philippines, Egypt, Persia, India, Africa (nearly the whole continent) suppose there was an honest effort to be as decent as Zaccheus—or, in regard to the colonies which were gobbled up coolly by the allies, on the ground that Ger-

many was guilty of the war! Suppose there were an effort to restore what had been wrongfully exacted, the problem of peace would be solved. As it is now, nearly every peace parley is skillful fencing to hold all and secure more. That is a state of war.

Is the Anglo-Saxon capable of repentence? Is he past feeling? Are his wrongfully exacted possessions so interwoven—like the riches of ancient Rome and Babylon—with privilege, with courts, churches, schools, as to make it impossible for him to restore? Has his mind been bent in a way not to be unbent? Has his heart, like Pharaoh's heart, become hardened? So that, every event will only tend to make him more stubborn? Does reason reign in the council chambers, or the Man with the Sword ready to dictate without reason?

There is no hope for Britain and America unless they repent. They must bring forth fruit meet for repentence. Zaccheus has shown one way. Restore fourfold. Restore onefold might satisfy! It would bring smiles everywhere. The nations are sitting in the shadow of the fear of exploitation. The one conspicuous race which they fear is the Anglo-Saxon—my own—that has gone everywhere, on land and sea, and taken, by hook or crook, whatever he wanted—if his Man with the Sword was equal to it. That is war. If the world is to have peace, war must stop.

I do not need to be a prophet. Anyone can see that if the Anglo-Saxon goes on his way exacting and exploiting—he is doomed. He must repent. The empires he is building will fall, because built upon greed. The fate of Nineveh and Babylon awaits him, unless he repents. The fall of Anglo-Saxondom would shake the earth!

The way to peace is by the elimination of the Man with the Sword. The Anglo-Saxon pre-eminently holds the sword today. Will he repent? Will he begin a course of restoration, of fair treatment along the line of the Golden Rule, among the weaker peoples? I know of no way of casting out this devil of the Man with the Sword except by restoration and repentence.

The Anglo-Saxon sometimes announces that the peace of the world is in his hands. It is, but not as he often imagines. His money will not secure it, nor his navies, nor his inventions. The opportunity today is at his door. It may not be tomorrow. If while he has power he will acknowledge his wrong doing, will restore what he has wrongfully exacted, will champion the afflicted in their affliction—in short, will repent, he will be able to avert the impending doom, and

> Beyond the war-clouds and the reddened ways
> To see the Promise of the Coming Days.

SYDNEY STRONG.

Jottings

"All Quiet on the Western Front" is meeting with difficulties in certain countries. New Zealand has banished it from the public libraries. Austria and Czecho-Slovakia have prohibited its admission into soldiers' libraries. Mussolini's Italy has banned its publication in that country altogether. This is pretty bad. Boston could do no worse.

The disbarring of Judge Lindsey is a tragedy, but should shake nobody's confidence in this great and tested servant of the public good. All one has to do is to reread Judge Lindsey's book, "The Brute," to know that he speaks truth when he says that this disbarment proceeding is the action of unscrupulous, vindictive, and (alas!) triumphant political foes.

Telephoning has now been extended not only to Europe, but to ships at sea. What bothers us, however, is why anybody should want to go to sea if he can be called up by telephone.

A remedy seems to have been found for the lobbying evil in the halls of Congress, if the selection of Mr. Grundy as the junior Senator from Pennsylvania means anything. Take the pernicious lobbyists and make them senators!

Whenever we hear "license" suggested as a wise method of handling the liquor problem, we take down our dictionary and remind ourselves what the word "license" really means.

The flood of books on Jesus of Nazareth continues in undiminished volume this fall. What men write about this man is in inverse proportion to their ignorance of anything he ever said or did. J. H. H.

Passionate Prayer

Close to the summit of my boldest hope
My spirit soared—halting as it drew near.
His smile reflected rhythm of his heart
And with each throb my lover grew more dear.
We heard the cold wind moan
But our two souls were warm,
And side by said they came
To worship and atone.
When spirits mount as they the battle's done.
I, my lover and my God are one.

NAOMI G. STERNHEIM.

The Near East—and Palestine

Encouraging signs of progress and hope for the future exist in Turkey, Egypt and Iraq, but a very serious situation exists in Palestine in the present deadlock between the Jews and Arabs and the prospect of violence and further bloodshed in that unhappy land.

To begin with Turkey, almost no country in the world has made more encouraging progress or has successfully made more sweeping, far-reaching reforms since the war. Greater changes have been made in a decade than in preceding centuries of her past history. Here, where I had seen the last of the sultans, the Caliph of all Islam, and the effects of the tyranny and massacres of Abdul Hamid, we saw the flaming nationalism of the New Turkey under Mustafa Kemal Pasha courageously carrying out his bold reforms. On the first of December last year, literally in a day, the old Arabic and Persian alphabet was dropped forever, and the new Roman alphabet adopted, which places Turkey in the midst of the modern world, for the assimilation of the whole of western civilization through the medium of Turkish national culture. They have separated church and state, church and school, church and law, abolished the dervish orders, closed the medieval Moslem schools, adopted the Swiss civil code of laws. They claim 400,000 in their new schools and 600,000 adults taught to read last year, so that in a decade they hope to reduce illiteracy from nine-tenths to one-tenth. The new woman of Turkey has put aside the veil and polygamy is fast disappearing despite the Koran. There is a new faith in the common man who is no longer regarded merely as cannon-fodder or a means of raising taxes. Despite the basic poverty there are the beginnings of a new agriculture, industry and trade. There is a building era evident in the beautiful new capital at Angora, in the projected railways, roads and public buildings of all kinds which are more pretentious than she can really afford.

Of course, there are concomitant evils and shortcomings in this period of transition. It is half a democracy and half a dictatorship under the benevolent but autocratic Mustafa Kemal. He is indifferent or hostile to religion which is having a bad time in Turkey at present. Islam is almost breaking under the strain of the impact of western civilization. Christians have only partial religious liberty, but this is guaranteed under the Constitution and will undoubtedly increase. We could not profitably have public meetings for non-Christians as on previous visits. But on the whole, this is the brightest day in Turkey's long history and the outlook for the future is most hopeful.

In Egypt also we found the situation hopeful. After the period of material prosperity and efficiency under Lord Cromer and his successors, Egyptian nationalists bitterly resented the British occupation of Egypt. They demanded complete independence in alliance with Great Britain. With splendid foresight and unprecedented generosity the Labor Government under Ramsay MacDonald has promised Egypt her independence. Under the proposed new treaty the military occupation of Egypt by Great Britain is to cease and the troops will be withdrawn to the Suez Canal which they are to defend. Britain is to propose Egypt as an independent member of the League of Nations. The capitulations to foreign nations are to cease and all foreigners are to be tried in Egyptian courts. The Sudan is to be governed jointly by Britain and Egypt. We interviewed the leaders of the Nationalist Party who are gratified at this generous offer of the Labor Government. It is their contention, however, that only a restored Parliament under the restored Constitution has authority to deal with the proposed treaty. It is earnestly to be hoped that they will have the wisdom to accept it. If they do it may mark the turn of the tide from the old order of world imperialism to the new era of self-governing nationalities. With their independence, however, their troubles will begin as they will have to learn the slow and painful disciplines of liberty.

Two dangers confront every such country as Egypt, Iraq, India or the Philippines—first the danger of selfishness and graft on the part of officials and citizens out for their own selfish gain; and second, the peril of division and strife as many seek their selfish or sectional gain for their group or religious community instead of the welfare of the united nation. Probably these lands are as ready as they are ever likely to be to undertake the difficult task of self-government, for long-continued subjection to a foreign and alien rule is usually a weakening and debilitating process. Sooner or later they will have to learn by making their own mistakes. Even good government is no adequate substitute for self-government. Should Egypt reject the British proposals they will probably be in for a bad time. If they accept them the prospects in Egypt seem to me to be hopeful.

The situation in Iraq is somewhat similar to Egypt. Great Britain is to propose the new state of Iraq for membership in the League of Nations in 1932, and offers to negotiate a new treaty similar to that proposed for Egypt. Iraq, however, is far behind Egypt, both economically and politically, as Egypt is behind Turkey in her capacity for self-government. We had a delightful interview with King Faisal in the capital at Bagdad and with leading members of the Cabinet and British officials. King Faisal is a lineal descendant of Mohammed and it seemed to us during the interview that we might have been speaking to the Prophet of Arabia himself. He is a handsome, highly intelligent Arab of the desert. He spoke quite freely not only of conditions in Iraq but strongly and with deep feeling of the menace of political Zionism to the Arabs of Palestine. It was evident that, if there is no prospect of democratic or representative government in Palestine that will protect the rights of the non-Jewish majority that constitute four-fifths of the population, the indignation and opposition of the Arab world outside of Palestine will have to be reckoned with. In Iraq we found the same insistent demand on the part of almost all the people for self-government that we had found in every other country. There were evidences of graft and division among the officials, however, that were a serious factor in the situation. A much more serious situation is found in Palestine in the deadlock between the Arabs and Jews in that land.

Everyone has read, for it has been heralded throughout the world, of the uprising of the Arabs against the Jews in Jerusalem and Palestine last August. It will be remembered that the sacred places of the three great monotheisms of the world, of Christians,

Jews and Moslems, all center here in Jerusalem, and that Great Britain has been charged by the League of Nations, under whom she holds the mandate for Palestine, to scrupulously maintain the *status quo* at these places. Beneath the temple area where Solomon's temple once stood, there is a deep, narrow alley called the Wailing Wall where pious Jews resort to lament over the destruction of the temple. There had been various encroachments at this Wailing Wall both by Jews and Arabs. The Jews had erected a screen, against which innovation the Arabs had protested so that the British Governor of Jerusalem gave orders to have this screen removed at once, and that if this was not done, it was to be taken down by the police the next day. When it was not taken away by the Jews it was forcibly removed by the police against the indignant protest of the Jews in the world's press. Various aggressive acts on the part of Arabs and Jews alike led to great excitement. The Arabs rose in a series of atrocious and barbarous attacks on the Jewish communities of Jerusalem, Hebron and elsewhere. There was an immediate outcry in the press of the world for the protection of the Jews. But there can be no adequate protection for the Jews or any one by merely multiplying the bayonets of the British police. There will be uprisings and bloodshed again and again, as there were in 1920, 1921, and 1929, until some just settlement is reached between these two communities.

It should be recognized that the root of the trouble does not lie in any trifling incident or encroachments at the Wailing Wall, but in the Balfour Declaration itself, in the fundamental contradiction between the two clauses of that Declaration. During the War, in return for favors in time of need, contradictory promises were made to the Arabs and to the the Jews. When the Arabs turned against Turkey and called for a Jihad or Holy War of Islam to side with the British, independence was promised the Arab states, including Palestine. This promise was made in 1915 to King Hussein by the High Commissioner of Egypt on behalf of the British Government. I have gone through the file of documents furnished us from the library of King Faisal, the son of King Hussein. The Arabs understood that this promise was confirmed by the proclamations of General Maude in Bagdad on March 19, 1917, and by Lord Allenby in Jerusalem on December 2, 1917. When the British, under Lord Allenby, entered Jerusalem they were received with joy. Then like a thunderbolt came the Balfour Declaration of November 2, 1917. This was to be their reward for winning the war, to hand over the country which had been theirs for the last thirteen centuries as a "National Home for the Jewish People." They felt very much as the people of California would, if, without their consent, their state were handed over as a home for the Japanese, or as Spain would if it were given away by others as a national home for the Arabs because of their occupation of that land centuries ago.

Palestine is a small land with slender resources, similar to Vermont. There are some 700,000 Arabs and about 160,000 Jews. The land could accommodate possibly twice the present population. The Balfour Declaration reads: "His Majesty's Government view with favour the establishment in Palestine of a National Home for the Jewish People and will use their best endeavours to facilitate the achievement of that object, it being understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine, or the rights and political status enjoyed by the Jews in any other country.

Here is the source of the trouble in Palestine, the two promises which are absolutely and diametrically contradictory. You cannot at once provide in the same limited area independence for the Arabs, and a National Home for the Jews of the World. Because of the financial assistance of rich Jews during the War, the Balfour Declaration was made. No one can blame the Jews, after centuries of persecution by Christians, and after the injustice and disabilities to which they are even now subjected in Eastern Europe, for desiring a national home. No one can read unmoved the repeated promises of Genesis: "Unto thy seed will I give this land." I find myself in strong sympathy with the Zionist cause. But there is another side to the case and we must hear the Arabs' side as well as the Jews'. I can see only one solution—a re-interpretation of the Balfour Declaration. As the British and the League of Nations are now committed to this Declaration, there seems to be no possibility of going back upon it or renouncing it. But a document so vague can be re-interpreted. Let the Jews have in Palestine their cultural and spiritual home backed by the good will and sympathy of the whole world. Let Zionism be the spiritual and cultural movement that the best interests of the Jewish people demand, but let it be stripped of its offensive political elements which so arouse the alarm and indignation of the whole Arab world. SHERWOOD EDDY.

Ur of the Chaldees.

Gandhi in 1903

John Hay once modestly said it was a proof that he had become famous when the newspapers printed his name without qualification. A sign of larger immortality appears when everything about the obscurity of a celebrated character is sought by those who regard him as precious to his kind. Twenty-six years ago I spent an hour with an unknown lawyer in Johannesburgh; and when I mentioned the fact to the Editor of UNITY, he asked for a few reminiscent paragraphs about one who has since been placed among the six greatest living men—and high, if not first, among the six.

As I was in South Africa in April, May and June, 1903, on what was essentially a mission of unity, perhaps the background of inquiry in which I saw Gandhi may be sketched. The Boer War had ended less than a year before. Friends of W. T. Stead, who admired his stand against that superfluous conflict, thought a South African edition of the *Review of Reviews* might be published, on the lines of the Australian edition of that monthly. Stead sent me to report on the situation. Three people he especially charged me to see were Oliver Schreiner, the writer; the Rev. Tengo Jabavu, the editor of a native paper published in the Transkei, the native territory in the northeast of Cape Colony; and the Princess Radziwill, then serving her sentence for forging Cecil Rhodes's name. With Olive Schreiner I spent a day at Hanover. Tengo Jabavu I did not see,

because he judged it better not to keep his appointment at East London, where, I found, it would have been impossible to meet him at a hotel. The princess I saw in the House of Correction at Capetown—on which hangs a peculiar, untold story, which shows that it is indeed an unusual experience to visit a princess in prison.

The difficulty in meeting Tengo Jabavu, who, I am glad to know, had a distinguished place at the Jerusalem Missionary Conference some time ago—was due to the all-pervasive trouble about color which made a proposal by Lord Milner, the High Commissioner, during my stay in Johannesburgh the most courageous thing said in South Africa in many days. Opening a conference which was to reconstruct municipal government in the so-called conquered territories, he suggested that civilization should be the only qualification for all the rights of citizenship. It was as courageous to say that in a newly-acquired British country, as it would be to practise it in some party organizations nearer home. By the time I reached Johannesburgh, and first heard of the Hindu lawyer practising there, I pretty well appreciated the rigidity of the color line —a rigidity which compelled the Dutch to avoid miscegenation; and caused them to learn the Kaffir language which they invariably spoke to their servants—in which sense Kaffir was one of their mother tongues. In Pietermaritzburg, for example, the capital of Natal, an old English friend with whom I stayed took a Kaffir boy along when we drove out in his Cape cart, to mind the horse while we called here and there. The boy, I believe, was born in Maritzburg; but his employer spoke no English to him, though he understood it.

I heard of the Indian lawyer from William Hosken, a good Methodist, who was one of the prisoners condemned to death after the abortive Jameson raid; and whom, the day after I saw Gandhi, I saw sworn in at Pretoria, on the inauguration of Crown Colony Government in the old Krugerian Raadsdaal. But, just as the editor of the *East London Despatch* did not enter the office of the native editor whom I went to see there, nobody went with me to see this Gandhi.

In a very plainly furnished office, about twelve feet square, I was received by a little man, apparently about forty years old, with a small black moustache on a face not specially dark in color; but very bright in understanding. His voice was of that singular softness which seems to distinguish all Indians. From the opening of the conversation I was struck by his exquisite English—as natural in flow as if he had never spoken another tongue, and as mellifluous in diction as it was in inflection.

As to speaking English, the difference between so many of our Indian brethren and ourselves, is very much like the difference between most of us in Canada and the French-Canadians in the House of Commons and Senate—they learned English: we picked it up. Gandhi's speech was also distinguished by an intermittent sibilance, which he may have out-used, though I should expect to hear that he retains it. There would be a slight—a very slight—hesitance; and then before the word came a faint "tss, tss"—the whisperiest thing you ever heard, though I can hear it yet. It added to the charm of his utterance and, at times, seemed to ward off a temptation to speak keenly of what must have been keenly felt.

Soft voice, mellifluous diction, charm of manner, without a semblance of rancour—these characteristics of a memorable talk remain vividly in my mind, and will ever remain. Somewhere a grammar of the divine science of suffering must be available, which we vaunting whites may be allowed to comprehend when we are ready yearly to celebrate the day of atonement we owe to our brethren in several continents over whom we have presumed to lord it as if we alone were of God's lineage. As I had found Boers who discussed the destruction of two republics without vehement resentment, so I heard this barrister, the victim of humiliations which would make the Christian rage, tell his story with a calmness, an absence of bitterness, the memory of which makes me understand, I think, how it came about that in my city of Toronto, recently, two Christian missionaries from India, Stanley Jones, the American, and C. F. Andrews, the Englishman, devoted half of their addresses to praise of the man I saw under the British flag, newly raised in the golden city of the Southern Cross.

Gandhi told me he was a barrister of Gray's Inn, London. While practising successfully in India, he learned that his countrymen in Natal were having a difficult time; and were feeling that, whenever they came into the courts, a prejudice was active against them. The color line, so sharply drawn against the Kaffir, was developing into a more inimical frontier against the Indian, because he was a trader, away from the plantations near the coast where he labored to produce sugar and tea. As a merchant he was satisfied to live with exceeding frugality, and could therefore undersell his white competitor—a situation the inconvenience of which should not have affected the quality of justice officially meted out to him.

Anyway, lawyer Gandhi, hearing of difficulties in Africa, was impelled to go there to serve his countrymen. When he appeared in the Natal courts great offense was given the local bars. His forensic standing was high—in London he would be welcomed in any court without a syllable being uttered to his prejudice. But in Natal he was refused a hearing; and he only achieved his right through appeal to superior authority. The details of this conflict he did not give me; and I did not seek for them. Sometimes when a man is telling of his humiliations you don't feel inquisitive—it is a big enough job to try to put yourself in his place.

For years before the war which added the Transvaal and the Orange Free State to the British Empire, some Indians had been in Johannesburgh, chiefly occupied in market gardening. They were under certain disadvantage as was natural where the color ban was regarded by the Dutch as a Biblical inheritance—as to which, again, one could tell a story of salvation with a difference. During the war it was prophesied that things would improve under Britannic dominion. But the end of the war, instead of bringing assuagement, brought Mr. Gandhi to Johannesburgh, where the need for his legal acumen was greater than it now proved to be in Natal, thanks to his victorious fight for a British barrister's right to appear in a British court.

So here he was, practising law, and talking with visiting journalists who thought it worth while to find him out.

"I suppose you have noticed," he asked, "that my turbaned countrymen always walk in the roadway, never on the pavement, except to cross it to enter a building where they may spend money?"

I said I had.

He explained that that was according to law; and added, very quietly, "I walk on the pavement; but only by virtue of a police permit, which I always carry, because it may be demanded of me at any time."

Who wonders at the revolt of Asia? Who does not wonder at the brazen behavior of the West to the majority population and the senior civilization of the world? ARTHUR HAWKES.

Youth and The World

II.

The Inspiration of Youth

We do well to look to youth for the inspiration the world needs.

Happy feature is it, in the unsolved mystery of human life, that almost every soul born into the world comes into it with clean wishes, lofty hopes, commendable ideals;—even with exalted purposes, which latter characteristic means so much more than simple ideals, hopes, wishes. But most often, sooner or later, through the contingency of events, or through inferior compelling influences, come shock and disillusion. How? Why?

One of the greatest of modern novelists—greatest because among the most hopeful and practically suggestive—makes one of his characters say, in the later period of successful charlatanry to which he sank,

> I respect my own youth. I thought I was presently to go out into a larger and more important world and do significant things there. I thought I was destined to do something definite to a world that had a definite purpose. I did not understand then, as I do now, that life was to consist largely in the world's doing things to me.

How well a host of men know what this frank confession means! Even Henry Thoreau, who asked little and lived simply, who strove laboriously and seriously to show "a better way" to men, said in his later years that in youth he got together the materials to build a bridge to the moon, and afterward, consequent on the many impediments he met and the general indifference of the world to his views, concluded to take his early materials and build a woodshed with them. Nevertheless, recall that marvelous apostrophe to youth which Longfellow sang into his great Bowdoin College poem—his call to "Young men whose generous hearts are beating high." Or recall Stevenson's buoyant lines picturing life's beginning—lines wisely omitting, for the time being, what their author well knew of fierce later experiences:

> To the heart of youth the world is a highway-side:
> Passing forever he fares; and on either hand,
> Deep in the gardens, golden pavilions hide,
> Nestle in orchard-bloom, and far on the level land
> Call him with lighted lamp in the eventide.

Let us be glad with a great gladness that boyhood and youth are thus almost universally furnished, in spirit, with Aladdin's lamp and Fortunatus' purse, and need only patience, will-power, perseverance, to accomplish in actuality the great things for which Nature, working through man's age-accumulated experience, seems really to give the urging inspiration.

Perhaps the great reason why the exaltation and luminosity of youth so soon and frequently pass into the light of common day, leading the growing man to become willing to accept inferior conditions, is because youth is not early enough taught, or does not early enough learn, to expect rebuff, or to grasp the nettle of transient failure firmly enough to ease its prickle to harmlessness, and so to go determinedly on. George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, did this, against unbelievable odds, and accomplished their great work—calmly, patiently, generously; seeking not their own. Walter Raleigh did it—still climbing trees in the Hesperides, seeking persistently a better kingdom than the king of Spain's, notwithstanding all adversity. One of Raleigh's enthusiastic biographers writes:

> No man ever got more out of life, both joy and sorrow. He was never afraid to take risks, for he thought that achievement was cheaply purchased by suffering. His story, if we look at it in one way, is a tragedy, for all his ventures seemed to fail, and after weary years in prison he died on the scaffold. But, properly considered, it is a happy tale, for he never lost heart, and disaster never conquered his courage. When all that he had built fell about his ears, he set patiently to work to build it up anew. Like a great modern poet, he "held, we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better."

This is ever the spirit in which hopeful youth must labor, and in which it must persist if the high end towards which the long hard evolution of man seems to point is at last gained—the universal good of the human race.

Raleigh's spirit was the spirit of the high Adventurer; and this forever has its charm for youth.

> For who would always skim
> O'er placid sea?
> On! on, to Venture's rim,
> High gods, for me!

And happy is it that noble adventure is always possible and always illimitable. It widens ever, and opens into more and more. Adventure which is ignoble is probably always restricted; being sordid it can be conducted only to a near limit, and in time it dies from its own heaviness. The universe is so made. On the other hand, noble adventure, however denominated chimerical, quixotic, "messianic," bears in itself the quality of permanence and of progress. The few small loaves and fishes of its beginning grow in use till they feed a multitude, and of the fragments left there are always many basketsful. The youth of true heart and purpose accepts willingly both the ridicule of the inert and the anathema of opponents, and, as he goes, sings joyfully—

> We are those fools who could not rest
> In the dull earth we left behind,
> But burned with passion for the West
> And drank a frenzy from its wind.
> The world where small men dwell at ease
> Fades from our unregretful eyes,
> And blind across uncharted seas
> We stagger on our enterprise.

And all the good in the universe goes with them!—holds their rudder, fills their sails, and forever charms their souls. All the good in the universe: the evolving Spirit of Pity, the Spirit of High Endeavor, the Spirit of Undying Hope, the Spirit of Human Brotherhood—all of which are as much emanations from the evolving energy as the force of gravity that holds the planets in their orbits and preserves the ancient heavens fresh and strong.

We do well to look to youth for the inspiration the world needs. JAMES H. WEST.

An Undergraduate's Approach to World Peace

It is interesting to note that certain of the fundamental opinions held by the young men and women attending our colleges and universities coincide to a rather heartening extent. And there is one topic, among others, on which it is more than gratifying to observe this uniformity of outlook: World Peace.

Four or five years ago, when the great war was, at least to the younger generation, but a vast, vague, highly and horribly exciting—and most totally *incomprehensible* thing, intelligent discussion of it was more or less limited to those who had participated in or observed it with some degree of directness. But lately, thanks to literature, the drama and the work of peace advocates, war has been presented in its true and terrible colors, and the youth who once thought it a sort of glorified game of cowboy and Indian is now a young man who knows that war is just plain murder. Naturally, not every student in the country is on the side of peace, but it would be wrong to deny that the majority of student opinion is welcoming the advent of a new spirit—that of World Peace.

This is not, after all, so surprising a thing; indeed one's blackest pessimism would be justified were it otherwise. However, it might be worth while to glance at one or two of the factors involved in this crystallization of student opinion in so favorable a way.

The first which comes to mind is the growth, or rather the reappearance of what might be called a Neo-Humanism in our universities. America, thanks to a process admittedly unpleasant but to an important extent efficacious, has become conscious of the tendency on the part of many of her institutions of higher learning to convert themselves into mere factories for the production of robot-like industrial technicians and business administrators: the logical reaction has set in, and more and more young people are turning to an intellectual, a human attitude towards life. They are beginning to realize that, once they lose themselves too completely in the all-sweeping, all-absorbing forces of the economic world, they lose an indispensable perspective, and ghastly results come about. One of them was the World War. They are beginning to understand that only by holding a part of themselves aloof and observant can they avert catastrophe and live the useful and enjoyable life of the cultured man or woman whose best efforts are concentrated not on wholesale Death, but on individual Life.

But still more important is the converse of this spiritual attitude; namely, materialism. Conflicting though they are, these two points of view work toward the same end. The most elementary course in modern history and economics reveals the formation of gigantic economic structures which are tending in a devastatingly inevitable manner toward the complete organization of the world, Ford-factories, chain stores, cooperative agricultural production, and the countless other forms which Integration with a big "I" brings in its wake, cannot but have their repercussion on the problem of peace. In fact, peace is their necessary, nomal condition: war is economic waste, and as such must be eliminated. It is not good business to kill or to be killed; not only is precious human life destroyed, but also valuable human energy, skill and ingenuity.

Thus, both from an aesthetic and a practical point of view, an orientation of student opinion towards the peace idea is taking place; college students are realizing that war is the eventuality above all others which must be avoided. And it is reasonable to predict they will make every effort to foster this conviction in others:—another stone in the edifice of peace—and an important one.

DAN H. NORTHUP.

The Study Table

Of Latin America

It is not common for a man, who leaves his own country and goes to a foreign land to engage in a great industrial enterprise, to have the inclination or ability, time or strength, to interest himself deeply in the life, history, arts and letters of the land in which he makes his sojourn. This has been done by Mr. G. R. G. Conway, Englishman, of a well known and highly esteemed family, who has lived for many years in the City of Mexico, where he is in charge of the electric light and power company. His work has been one of great difficulty and responsibility during these years of turmoil and confusion and changes of government. Yet, he has found time and had inclination to do a literary work there which would be an achievement for a man who could devote his entire time and energy to it. Mr. Conway has brought together a remarkable library of *Mexicana*, particularly strong in early history and linguistics. He has most of the famous rarities. He has been permitted to have photostat copies made from documents in the National Archives and has hundreds, perhaps thousands of them. Among them is a great mass of materials in Aztec—deeds, wills, and other documents. He has been particularly interested also in securing copies of the records of the Inquisition and whatever relates to Englishmen who had contact early with Mexico. Space does not permit us to make even cursory reference to specific treasures in his collection. We may say, however, that he has attempted to secure every known edition of Thomas Gage's famous "New Relation" of Travels in New Spain. Most collectors are fortunate if they have any *old* edition; Mr. Conway has editions of all dates and of the translations that have been made into various languages. The collection of this book makes almost a library in itself. Mr. Conway has recently privately issued two books which will themselves be prized as rarities.[1] One of these is the story of Robert Tomson, whose Mexican experience runs from 1556 to 1560. He fell into the hands of the Inquisition. There were a number of British subjects

1. **An Englishman and the Mexican Inquisition. 1556-1560.** Edited by G. R. G. Conway. City of Mexico: 1927. Privately printed. 8 vo., pp. xxxviii. 167.

The Rare Travailes of Job Hortop. Edited by G. R. G. Conway. City of Mexico: 1928. Privately printed. 16 mo. pp. xi-21.

who in the sixteenth century appeared before that dreaded tribunal. The mere record of their trials runs to nearly 4,000 closely written pages. Mr. Conway has had copies made of all these interesting documents. In the book before us he confines attention to the one case. In his book he brings together three important and interesting documents. A. The story of Robert Tomson as told by himself long after the events and printed by Hakluyt in 1589; B. The record of his trial before the Inquisition in 1559-1560, amounting to some fifty-six pages and not before printed in English; C. Cervantes de Salazar's description of the City of Mexico in 1560. Mr. Conway contributes an interesting introductory chapter and three chapters of notes, one for each of the pieces reproduced. He adds illustrations of old buildings, of documents, and of title pages pertinent to his theme. Altogether he has produced a book which is a real contribution to an almost unknown field. The edition is limited to 250 numbered copies. The other book is smaller. This is a facsimile reprint of the first edition of "The Rare Travailes of Job Hortop," made from the only known copy in the British Museum. There were two editions of this quaint narrative, both printed in 1591. They differ considerably and the first edition is more nearly the simple and actual story of the man himself. The title runs as follows: *The Rare Travailes of Job Hortop, an Englishman who was not heard of in three and twentie yeeres space. Wherein is declared the dangers he escaped in his voyage to Gynne, whereafter hee was set on shoare in a wildernes neere to Panico, he endured much slaverie and bondage in the Spanish Galley.* It is a quaint narrative. While practically a prisoner in the City of Mexico he was a powder maker. He was finally sent to Spain where he was tried before the Inquisition and sentenced to four years in prison. Mr. Conway's reprint is a fine facsimile, of which but 50 copies were issued, numbered and signed, none of them for sale.

From time to time we have noticed the scientific and historical writings of the Venezuelan, Dr. Diego Carbonell. Since our last reference to his work, Dr. Carbonell has retired from the rectorship of the Central University at Caracas. He continues his activities both literary and scientific—pursuing his investigations in a well-equipped laboratory and devoting his hours of recreation to writing. The last work from his pen is "Vargas,"[2] a biographical study of a man to whom Venezuela owes much. José Maria Vargas was born in La Guayra, March 10, 1786. Of good family, he had every advantage of travel and education. He was the intellectual leader of his country of his time. He knew England and Scotland well—studying for five years at the University of Edinburgh. He returned to Venezuela with the best of foreign training in medicine and chemistry. The moment was the least propitious for a man of his talent and training to be useful to his country. At Caracas Vargas met Bolivar, the Liberator, in 1827 and was intrusted by him with the reorganization and modernization of the University, an institution at that time one hundred and six years old. By his efforts the work in surgery and anatomy were put upon a respectable footing. In 1830 he was a member of the national congress and in 1834 was one of five candidates for the Presidency. It was a dangerous moment of bitter personalities. Elected, he became President on February 6, 1835, but political opposition led him to resign the office little more than a year later. In 1927, when a monument was erected to his memory at La Guayra, his birthplace, the orator of the occasion said: "Nevertheless, he left the power personally respected by his very adversaries and continued to lend his services to the Republic, in the University, in Congress, and in the Government Council until his death." He died in New York City, July 13, 1854. Of him it was written:

> He was theologian, canonist, philosopher, eminent physician, mineralogist, geologist, zoologist, botanist, antiquarian, philologist, literateur, careful writer, eloquent orator, publicist, statistician, politician, legislator, administrator, philanthropist, and patriot; like Aristotle he embraced all the science known to his time.

It is to such a man, scholar and patriot, that Dr. Carbonell devoted his little book.

The Mexican, Luis Cabrera, is a man of varied ability. By profession a lawyer, he occupies a high place in the Mexican bar. He is a writer of strength and ability. He was largely responsible for the appearance of Madero and Carranza in public life and was minister of finance during the Carranza regime. In writing he uses pen-names which are anagrams of his real name. Thus, he is Lucas Rivera when he indulges in "fine writing" and Lic. Bas Urrea when he enters the political field. His "Obras Politicas" and "La Herencia de Carranza" were notable political documents appearing under the name Lic. Bas Urrea; as Lucas Rivera he has given out a Spanish version of the "Song of Songs." He now presents an interesting volume of poems under the title, "Musa Peregrina" —the migratory, wandering, or pilgrim muse.[3] The poems are translated from several languages—English, French, Italian, Catalan. All are given in the original, with the Spanish translation opposite. Tagore seems to be his favorite and 120 out of 245 pages of the book are given to him—the *Gardener,* the *Fruit Gathering* and the *Crescent Moon.* The translations catch and reproduce the original thought with much success, although there are places where a colloquial English is not quite understood. The author says his book is not an anthology, but a spray of flowers plucked here and there and arranged for beauty, not for herbarium study. The work is really a labor of love. Though issued in an edition of 1,100 copies, it is limited, numbered, and author-signed and no copies are offered for sale. The author does not even retain copyright for his Spanish versions—in fact, he states that they are not protected. A page is dedicated to the memory of his friend the poet Rámon López Velarde, who was to have written a prologue to the collection; what was perhaps his last writing is here quoted:

> To translate poetry is to pour beauty of thought from one language into another. A dangerous play with two vessels of precious crystal of which one, full, will have to be broken and the other, empty, will have to be filled at the very moment of the shock, without spilling the essence.

Lucas Ribera has met the requirement well.

The newest book by Emilio Gaspar Rodriguez, "Platica Novisima,"[4] is made up of reviews and essays, written on a variety of occasions. With the exception of the first essay, which deals with the literary movement in Russia, the articles deal with Cuban themes. Some of them were called out by the appearance of

2. **Vargas.** Diego Carbonell. Caracas: M. C. M. xxix. Tip. del Comercio. 16 mo., pp. xvi. 17-124.

3. **Musa Peregrina.** Lucas Rivera. Mexico: 1929. Private edition. 16 mo., pp. (iii) 245 (ii).

4. **Platica Novisima.** Emilo Gaspar Rodriguez. La Habana: 1929. Montelvo y Cardenas. 16 mo., pp. 271.

new books, some by the death of an author, one is "an address of reception" to a new member of the (Cuban) National Academy of Arts and Letters. All of them show the serious thought and careful wording characteristic of their author. Three of the essays deal with the theater upon which he has definite ideas; he has made a special study of the influence of the theater and feels that the movies are having a harmful effect upon the character of the child. As to a specific Cuban theater, he thinks there is nothing as yet that deserves the name. He says:

I do not believe that we have a Cuban theater merely because some persons of good faith come together and say so. We shall have a Cuban theater—the theater being that manifestation of culture which appears almost the last among all peoples—when Cuba has some other things which as yet she does not possess. . . . When Cuba has in politics men of the intellectual caliber of those which other nations which "have a theater" can present; when she has such in the sciences and the arts; when the glances of those nations turn towards us with admiration for what we are worth and represent in the order of ideas; then, we shall have also authors and actors in the proportion in which we dream and need them; then we shall have comedies and dramas, music and opera and artists, in a word, who represent and interpret the ideas and sentiments which prevail in this our society. There is a disparity in human affairs and this problem of the Cuban theater is one of culture and of time.

Just what headway Protestantism is making in Latin American lands is an oft-discussed question. If one desires to know the situation he may well read this little book of Samuel Guy Inman, reporting the Hispanic American Evangelical Congress at Havana, June 20-30 of this year.[5] Though the Congress is called Hispanic-American, Brazil was regularly represented in it and her two delegates took an even disproportionate part in the meeting. The meeting was really the third in a series. In 1916, there was a gathering at Panama; it was organized and largely conducted by representatives of United States churches. In 1925, at Montevideo was a *Congreso* "managed in much the same fashion but with a larger participation by representatives of Latin American churches." This at Havana was organized by Latin Americans, conducted by them, and with all the addresses in Spanish. It is true that the largest delegation—33 members—was from the United States (besides 16 delegates from Spanish-speaking churches in the United States) but its members were "present simply as invited guests having no responsibility for direction or outcome of the deliberations." The report is an excellent one and most interesting. The reception of the Congress by government, press and people of Havana was extraordinary. The spirit shown, the matters discussed, the plans outlined, were admirable. The spirit of fellowship, the breaking down of denominational lines, the frank discussion of the status of the foreign missionary, the suggestions of independence at self-support, the plans for co-operation and for a federation of evangelical churches of Latin-America-Spain-Portugal were amazing. Your reviewer is of those who look with some doubt upon the need and value of Evangelical (-Protestant) Christianity in those lands, but he finds this report of extraordinary interest. He recommends its reading to all—both those who approve and those who have reservations, regarding the movement. Both groups need the facts regarding so important a gathering. There were 169 official delegates from eighteen countries. Cuba was actually in the lead with 35 delegates. Mexico had 30. Porto Rico's 21 seem to have felt the surest of themselves, and were inclined to take the lead. The delegation of six members from Santo Domingo came by airplane. But read the report; it is worth while.

FREDERICK STARR.

5. **Evangelicals at Havana.** Samuel Guy Inman. New York: 1929. Committee on Cooperation in Latin America. 16 mo., pp. 174. Price 50c.

Correspondence

A Personal Letter From Our Correspondent in Russia

Dear Mr. Holmes, Some days ago when I was off duty I felt that I had to go for a walk. It was so wonderful in the forest. Can you think of anything more mysterious than perfect darkness and the reverent silence of an ancient forest in the night and over it the sparkling stars alive as with a fairy glow? The beauty of all this touched me deeply. I thought of Kant's statement about the "starlit sky above me and the moral law within." I thought of your hymn with the line, "As thy beauty fills the sky, so let it be." Such moments in the darkness and silence of these woods refresh me. I returned home just as though I were returning from a great temple and sat myself down near an open window. Suddenly I heard the lovely many-voiced choir of our patients singing in this forest all about us. I listened. It was a popular song—"Away with the monks, the rabbis, the priests. We shall climb up the heavens and chase the gods away." I just love these patients, most of them husky miners, and I give them all my health and strength.

Many times I have wanted to write you but I could not concentrate. What I need is someone with whom I can speak about the deep things of life. I am also deprived of UNITY, as I do not know how long we shall stay here and would not want to bother the post office. We really have no settled address and may be transferred at any time. We are like the Franciscan brotherhood traveling from place to place. Yes, there is a link between them and us, for we are supposed to live for the social good and have no private life, no possessions, no attachments. And we must always profess, of course, the materialistic conception of life.

My husband is working as usual, has his hours in the sanitarium. Often before taking his evening meal, he rides through the forest to the village where there are 18,000 people. He is organizing a campaign there for gathering in the grain. To squeeze the grain from the rich peasants is a hard and tedious job. Not until New Year's is this campaign going to be ended. Often he returns late at night, sometimes as late as 1 or 2 A.M., only to be up the next morning at 6. I am working as a nurse, only six hours a day, but of course have my outside work to do, besides cultivating the fine art of mending, as our underwear is simply melting away. Thus do we live here in this lonely settlement, right in the middle of the wooded district of Donbass. The landscape is beautiful, but we are hungry for books and for the company of friends.

ALINA HUEBSCH.

Tuberculosis Sanitarium,
Kremenoc, Russia.

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Editor of UNITY:

Please discontinue my subscription to UNITY. Not that I disapprove or *dislike* the magazine. On the contrary, I pounce upon it and *do not* let it out of my clutches until it has been devoured from cover to cover. I never fail to get the most satisfying food both for mind and soul (whatever that is.) So I am not administering a slap or withdrawing in a huff from UNITY's family. I have merely married a UNITY subscriber.

ELLEN RIGGS GIDUZ.

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

REASONS FOR RECOGNIZING THE UNION OF SOVIET SOCIALIST REPUBLICS

The Executive Committee of the Council of the Fellowship of Reconciliation believes that active steps should be taken looking toward the early resumption of diplomatic relations between the governments of United States and Russia. This position is based on the following reasons:

(1) *The United States should have friendly, direct and official relations with every government which has signed the Kellogg Pact.* Non-recognition implies or is felt by the unrecognized country to imply, an attitude of hostility. For the effective functioning of the Kellogg Pact such suspicion should be eliminated and regular direct appropriate channels instituted for the solution of all possible disputes by pacific means. The simplest of these means is normal diplomatic intercourse.

(2) *Effective world-wide reduction of armaments necessitates the co-operation of Russia; and a good understanding between Russia, Great Britain and the United States would especially facilitate progress in disarmament.* Russia, like present day Germany, has a vital national interest in world disarmament. She has already proposed to the League of Nations' Disarmament Commission both complete disarmament and 50 per cent reduction. While it is true that the Russian Government has considerably increased its preparation for war in the last three years, these preparations are regarded as precautionary and defensive. So long as other nations keep up vast armaments Russia naturally feels that she must maintain not parity, but some defensive equipment. This winter is the psychological time to arrest the whole dangerous process. Following upon the auspicious conversations between President Hoover and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the United States, Great Britain, Germany and Russia should join their efforts in urging upon the whole world drastic armament reduction. If the expected renewal of diplomatic relations between Great Britain and Russia were matched by similar recognition by the United States, obviously much more cordial cooperation in moves for disarmament could be secured.

(3) *The satisfactory settlement of war debts and other questions is more likely to occur through regular diplomatic procedure than in an atmosphere of hostile aloofness.* This past summer has seen the adoption of the Young Plan with agreements providing for the liquidation of war debts exclusive of Russia. In the interest of general world peace a fresh attempt should be made to reach agreements with Russia; and the United States should do its part in seeking to work out a reasonable agreement as regards the debt owing to it. As we have negotiated compromise settlements with other countries we should not refuse to discuss similar settlements with Russia. Also in the vexed matter of propaganda and other difficulties, discussion and direct negotiation between the governments would seem to offer the most hopeful approach to stable agreement. The method of ostracism has been tried for ten years without good results; it is time that an initiative of friendship be undertaken.

(4) *Recognition of Russia would tend to lessen war-fear and consequent persecution, within Russia of religious and dissenting groups.* Fear of external attack is one of the predominating factors in Russian public opinion at the present time. However irrational this fear may seem to us it is the pervading psychology which underlies the conflict about the Chinese Eastern Railway, the haste to press through the Five-Year Plan of economic development and the internal struggle with resisting peasants and religious groups. Because of this fear-psychosis, those who dissent from the Government's program are being treated with a severity comparable only to that which nations generally mete out to their conscientious objectors in war time. The Soviet Government is likely to increase rather than lessen this persecution if it is threatened from outside, but if it is drawn into friendly intercourse with the rest of the world, its war-fear may be allayed and the wave of persecution subside. We do not assert that all persecution in Russia today is due to the above cause, but we feel certain that fear of external attack is a large contributing factor.

ENGLAND AND THE LIQUOR QUESTION

The liquor question is to be the subject of examination by a Royal Commission in England. The terms of reference to the Commission are:

"To inquire into the working of the laws relating to the supply and sale of intoxicating liquors and into the social and economic aspects of the question and to examine and report on the proposals that may be made for amending the law in England and Wales in the public interest."

Mr. Clynes, the Home Secretary, announced recently that Lord Amulree, formerly Sir William Mackenzie, would act as chairman of the Commission. Lord Amulree is chosen for his expert knowledge of industrial arbitration and the law relating to liquor licensing. Liquor interests will be represented by Mr. Thomas Skurry, President of the Brewer's Society, and Mr. John Morgan, the Chairman of the National Council of Retail Liquor Trade. Temperance advocates on the Commission will be Rev. Henry Carter, Secretary of the Temperance Council of Christian Churches, and Mr. Arthur Sherwell, who has written much on the liquor trade. The other six members include two prominent Trade Unionists, Sir Edwin Stockton, who is a Manchester merchant, a Club Secretary, Mr. Bryson, Chairman of the Birmingham Licensing Bench, and Mrs. Barton, Secretary of the Co-operative Women's Guild. These six members are said to constitute the central balancing body between temperance interests on the one hand and the liquor interests on the other. It

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This book, just from the press in New York, was published a few months ago in India. The British Government, alarmed at its quick and great sale, suppressed it, and arrested its publishers. Practically all India answered by indignant protests. Mahatma Gandhi published an article in the book's defense, four columns in length.

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is understood that ten more members are to be appointed, representative of all shades of opinion to reinforce this central balancing body. No members of Parliament will sit on the Commission, it being held, says the official "wireless," that they might be subjected to pressure by electors which would tend to fetter their freedom of judgment! The inquiry is expected to last as long as two or three years. The official message adds that it will be for the Commissioners to decide whether they shall visit the United States to see prohibition in practice.

The terms of reference are wide enough to cover even a finding for Total Prohibition. But no one expects England to take up such an attitude, unless and until the economic prosperity of America drives the lesson home.

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